

Not For One Man

or Hunted Part Four...

Did the hunted personalities of Mr. Ryan finally fall by the wayside in his dreams?

Or did his dead carcass just get carried off to a Bombaii tribe by a semi-massive elephant?

Stumbling upwards from his bed desk, one coffee, one bread crumbed fish for his Calico cat Davies. Multiple shots were fired in the hospital lobby.

A few screams were expressed.

Various henchmen in SWAT jackets began swarming Mr. Ryans room.

Shotguns were cocked at the ready. In that moment, he thought:

If only I had a bomb strapped around my waist...

I passed out then woke up again.

In front of me, a fat blonde woman in a red cardigan with no teeth sobbing the words:

We're not living there...